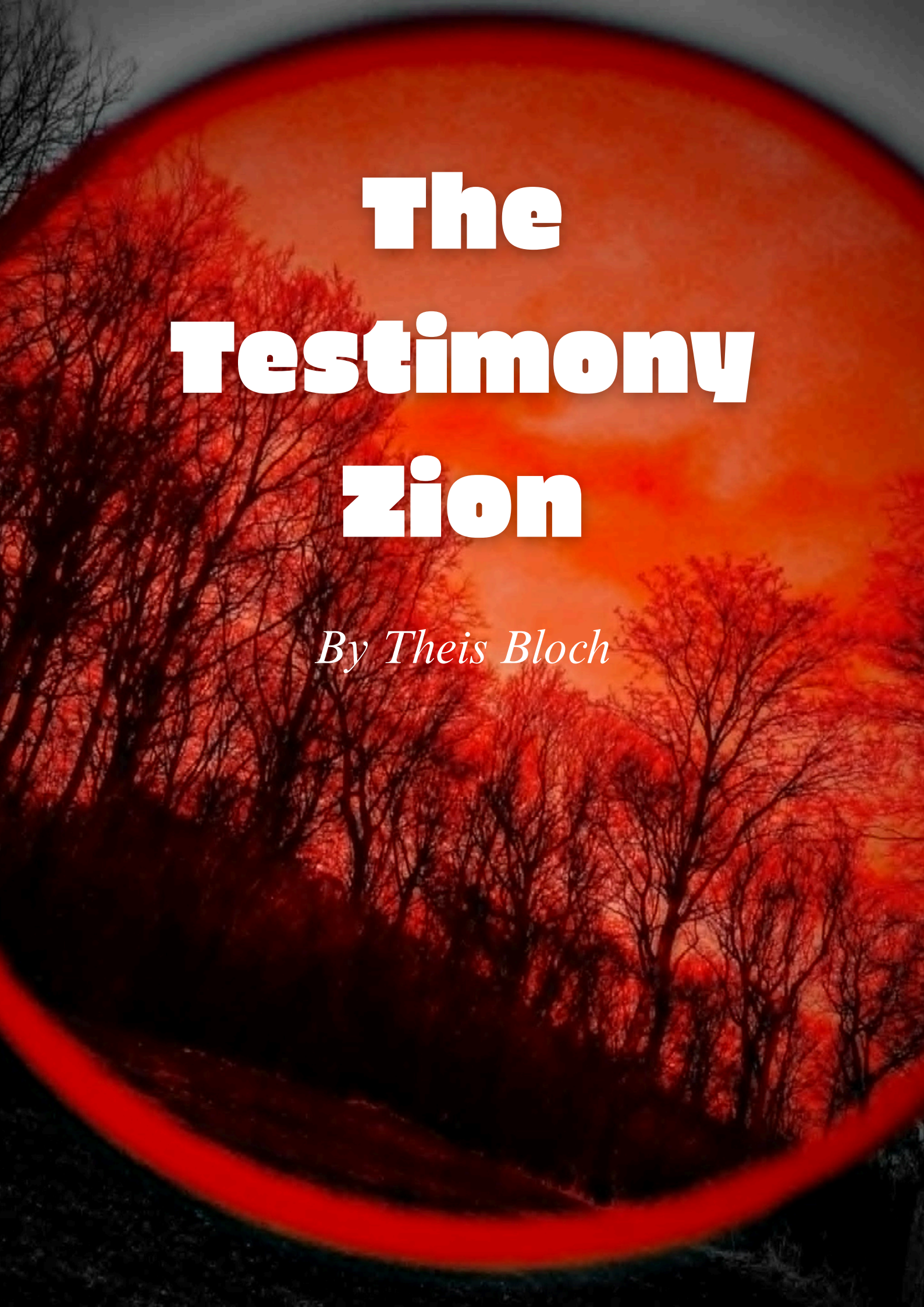
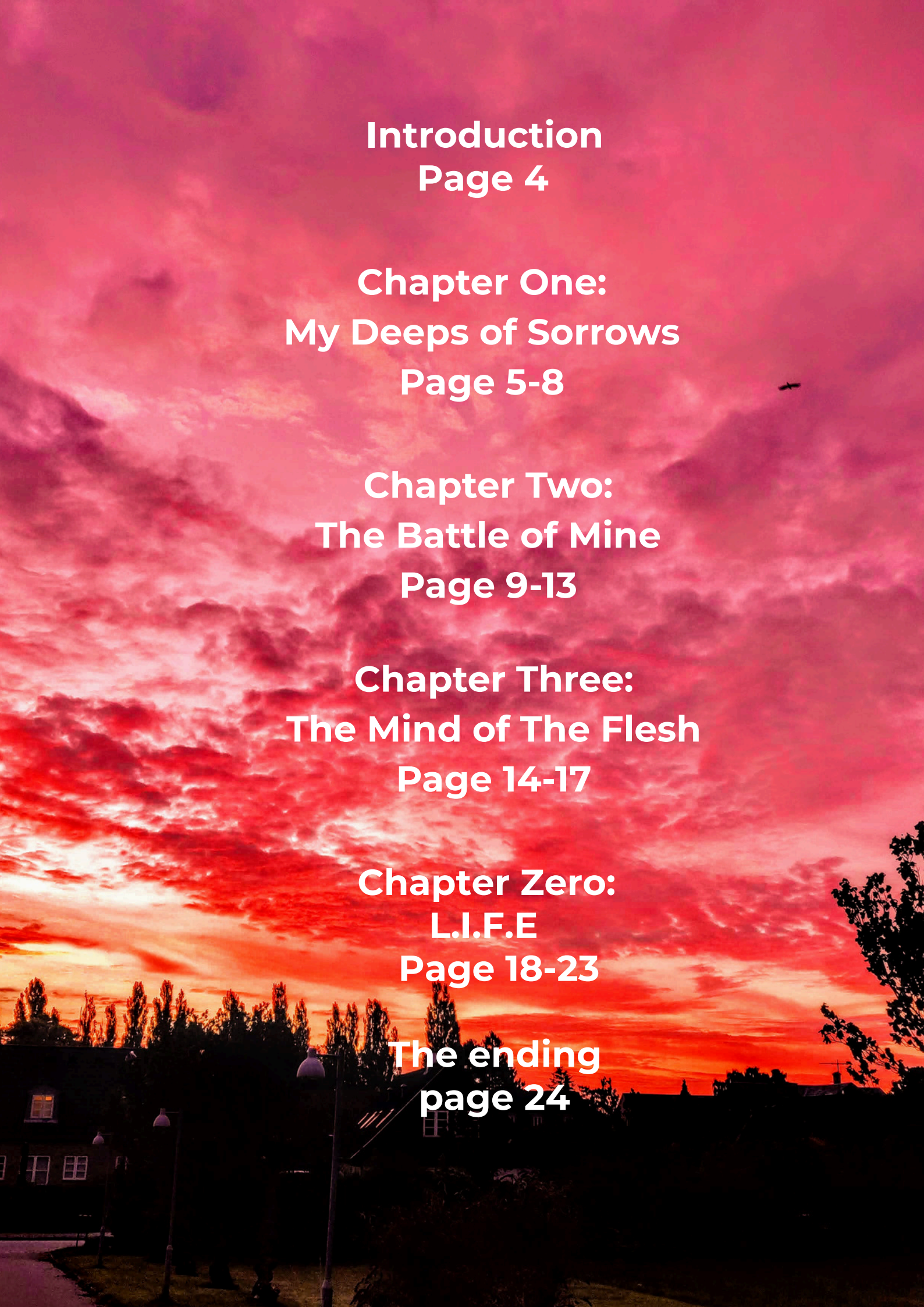


The Testimony Zion

By Theis Bloch



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Hey, my name is Theis Bloch, and I hope you'll bear with me while I tell you what you are about to read here and briefly explain who I am. I don't want to go into depth with my life story, but even though my brief years on this water bucket we call home, I've experienced a bit of everything.

To put it briefly, I have been a child of the system all my life and a son of an alcoholic. As you can probably imagine, that's not a good foundation for traveling through life. Everything from diagnoses to abuse of drugs, alcohol, and myself, of course, and a lot of stupid choices were a part of my young life.

While I was doing stupid things, I was also searching for a family, a place where I could put my roots down, a place where I could feel wanted and loved. But I soon realized I didn't know what I was looking for. I've never experienced having those things.

So that is me, or maybe it is you or your friend? You see, the book you are about to read is about LIFE. It is one voice of many.

But do me a favour and read it to the end no matter what you feel about it. Who knows, maybe you will learn something.

My Deeps of Sorrows

My God is good, and I know he is keeping me safe, but that doesn't change the fact that something in my mind is totally loony and self-hurting. Deep inside the dark pit of my mind, there's a joker version of me, and that's the mental picture I sometimes have of it. I see it in such a dark place that I can't even see the room, I can only see it and its cage. It is so angry, and I've heard it trying to get out, hitting the cage over and over again. I see its face; it has a big smile, but it isn't a happy smile—more like an insane one. Its eyes are like a pit of total darkness, and in the middle is a flame full of pure fury. It whispers to me, "(Embrace me)." It shows me a mental picture of what I should do to myself. Most of the time, I can and will ignore it, and I'm lucky, if you can say that, that it's just about hurting myself 90 percent of the time. But when it screams, it gets so loud that I can't shut it out. I am scared that I am getting more and more insane, so I ask you, God, please help me! I know it is me; it is all my anger and pain shouting into that cage. It has to go somewhere, right?

To be alone and not seen is easier than to be seen and loved.

I scream at it to shut up and leave me alone, but
it just laughs at me and says:
"I am the poison in your veins.
I am the voice in your head late at night.
I am the predator hunting you night and day.
I am the narrator of all the twisted and abused
feelings you have.
I am you, and you are me.
My name is Trauma, you see."

The face I see in the dark, the one in the cage, banging on the bars and screaming in my head, is just me talking to myself about myself.

Your beginning is set in stone, and so is your end, but a mortal soul cannot know what lies in between.

Every day feels like a 24/7 warfare in my mind. Most of the time it's just noise, and then suddenly it becomes a full-blown war zone in a loony bin. It gets so loud that I can't shut it out. I can't do anything but be in it and pray to God that I can control it, but I'm still scared that someday I won't be able to anymore. What will happen then? Only God knows.

II go around with a numb face. Sometimes I have a smile on it, and other times I have an angry face.
But most of the time, I am screaming inside, and you don't see me or my pain, because I can't show it.

A lot of people know me, but they don't know me well. What you see and what I feel are not the same. I am the magician. I show you what I want you to see and disguise everything else
in jokes and magic tricks.

Having air in your lungs is not the same as being alive.
Being in love is not the same as loving someone.
Believing in faith is not the same as being faithful.
Having knowledge is not the same as being wise.

Actions speak louder than words, but actions are meaningless without them.

A child without parents.
A child without a home.
A child without love.
A child without a family.
Is a child with a life.

Sometimes you need to go down, to get up.

As I walked through the gate to my freedom, I became aware that my old self, along with all my bitterness and hatred, would remain in prison.

I am an alcoholic. I am a drug user. I am addicted to everything wrong that can't make the pain silent, not even for one second.

Pills to get through the day, pills to get through the night, and alcohol to get through the pain that is my life. But someday, God will be the only medicine I need to get through my life.

I have a backbone of steel until I see drugs.
Drugs are my weakness, drugs are my escape.
They are my fake world.
Drugs are my kryptonite.
Only my God can save me now.
My fate is in his hands.

I'm drinking tonight because I can't handle myself tonight. I tried to do better, but the bottle calls my name every day. Six out of seven days I say no, but sometimes I fall because it gets too loud in my head.

I thought that if I was just drunk enough, just high enough on pills, my pain would disappear. And sure, it gets away for a while, but I realized that nothing in this world can heal my scars or my broken heart. Only someone out of this world can take my pain away.

Sticks and stones may break my bones, but one lie will break my soul.

I am not alone, but simply lonely, adrift in a sea of doubt and anger. All I can do is survive.

When my anxiety rushes over me, I get paralyzed. I can't move, I can't speak, and when I finally decide to face it head on, I can't enjoy anything. The only thing I see is the anxiety, the only thing I hear is the anxiety, and the only thing I feel is the anxiety. Then I am trapped in an endless cycle of fear, unable to get out, so I just survive it.

One second, everything is calm and nice, but with a bang, it rushes over me like a tsunami that is tearing through a city, drowning me and silencing me. The only thing I can hear is the water around me, pulling my body down into the depths, and the screams that get louder and louder with every breath I take, until I can't hear anything else.

I have so much to tell, but no one to tell it to.
I have so much love, but no one to show it to.
I have a life, but no one to share it with.
But I survive because I have to.

It is hard to let go of the pain because you learn to love it—to be in it, to be it. And that is why it is hard to accept peace, because who am I without pain? But it doesn't matter who I am or who I was. The only thing that matters is that I am a child of God.

To feel loved, you need to love yourself.
To have peace, you need to be at peace with yourself.

The Battle of Mine

**We are all born into an ancient war,
and we are all born as slaves, but some of us become soldiers to survive.**

I can hear the war drums banging and the screams of the dead. He is calling me to take up my sword and dust my armor off, because my days of war are not over yet.

I have won and lost a thousand battles. I have even died in some of them, so I know how to fight. But this one is different because I don't know the battlefield or what I am truly fighting for. It is okay, though, because I will figure it out at some point.

**I walk like an old man.
I sound like an old man.
But I am not an old man.
It's just my old battle wounds, my sins, and my life catching up with me.**

Is this how it is to be an adult? I am annoyed and angry all the time. My body feels like it has been raped by a truck, and I am tired every single day. And after all that, people still expect you to put on a smile and work.

**I get annoyed that I'm annoyed.
I get tired of being tired.
And I get mad that I'm angry all the time.
And round and round we go until the day I die.**

I have always just survived hand to mouth, just getting by. And I still do, but it's not my hand anymore that's giving, but your hand. I need to remember that. I need to be grateful for that.

**You will only find stupidity on the easy path,
but on the hard path, you will find wisdom.**

We all commit sins, but what I think is stupid is that we do the same sins over and over again, even when we know it's bad for us. To think that sin has so much power over us that we can't stop.

True evil and true goodness do exist, just not inside humans from the beginning. It just can't, because I don't think anyone is born evil or good. We are all just born unknowing.

All humans are born assholes if you look through the eyes of science, and if you look through the eyes of Satan, all humans are no more than an insect under his shoe. But through the eyes of the Lord, we are one of a kind.

There is so much darkness and pain in the world that it's hard not to get caught up in it. But sometimes, just stop, breathe, and see. See the stars or a sunrise, or maybe just the light coming out of some dark clouds. I promise you, if you take the time to stop and breathe, you will see how beautiful the world was meant to be.

Your scars are hidden behind a wall
of green leaves for most of our life.
But when the fall comes, like the trees,
we get stripped down and the leaves
fall to the ground. Then people will
see what is broken, what is bleeding,
and the scares we had hidden. It just
takes time to reveal the hurt of
someone.

Through forgiveness, you will find revelation and peace. Otherwise, you will stay in your pain and only find despair and suffering.

I need something real, because everything else feels fake, like I'm in an eternal coma. It's like I'm just playing the same movie over and over again. I feel stuck. I need a destination, a goal, something to hold on to, something to pull me out of my coma.

I need to do something, but I don't want to do anything. I'm stuck in the same cycle of doing and not doing, over and over again until I go insane.

Bad days I can understand. Good days I can feel. But days in between are hard on my mind. Days in between are like being lost at sea, with nothing to see and nothing to do, except being trapped in my own thoughts.

I am alive, but I do not feel alive. I am living in life, but I am not living life.
That is how it is to be a survivor: you never give up and always keep going no matter what. But it is not a life worth being in because every single day, you just wait for it to be done.

I need God's help, but I'm scared of who I will become if I stop seeing the world through broken lines. What will happen if I stop surviving in the shadows of the broken pieces of my life and start to live in God's light? Then what?

In every moment, there exists a choice. We can try to hold on to the past or embrace the changes that are to come and see a better future unfold before us.

Change is good, but it's scary to do.
All you need is one second.

We think better of the devil we know than the God we don't, right? But what if all you need is a push in the right direction?
So if your life already sucks, what do you have to lose?
Get off the late-night train and take the morning train. It can't get any worse.

Your first one second is the most important. Everything else is just dust in the air, like a bad copy, a poor image of that one second.

To be happy is nice, but short. One minute you are walking on sunshine, and the next it starts to rain. So enjoy when you are happy, even if it's only for a second.

Every second counts, but you need to have something to count on. If you don't, one second is just one minute. One minute is just one hour. One hour is just one month, and one month is just one year. And the one second just makes everything disappear until you die.

One second you took your first breath, one second you took your first steps, one second you took your last steps, and the one second you took your last breath.

To do or not to do.
To see or not to see.
To hear or not to hear.
To speak or not to speak.
To live or not to live.

The one second is all that is and all that was; the one second is your whole life.

**Unfiltered thoughts are nothing but chaos,
unless they are given a goal.**

The road to your goals is not always fun, and it is definitely not easy. But remember, when you want to give up and feel you have no more power to give and your feet are bleeding, then just keep going. Do not stop until you get your goal, because it is only then that the real fight begins. You will see that it is not the road to the goal that is hard. No, the real battle begins when you get it and need to hold on to your goal.

**The meaning of life is to learn.
The meaning of learning is to grow.
The meaning of growing is to survive.**

I am a nomad, a lone wolf. I am traveling between packs, but I don't have my own. Some I stay with for a while, and others I just travel with.
I hope someday I will find or build a pack I can call my own so I can find a home. But until then, I will keep surviving.

**I do not have dreams; I have rules.
I do not have a home; I have faith.
I do not have safety; I have hope.
And I do not live; I survive.
I am The Eternal Survivor.**

The most important thing to always remember is that no matter how much you walk alone on the highway of life, and no matter how much you fight alone, you will always need someone by your side to help you. Because we are not stronger than the brother who has our back.

Let it only be your voice I hear. Let it only be your light I see.

The Mind of The Flesh

It is too easy to get lost in the world of humans, but the real trick is to see how the world truly is.

I understand the feeling of wanting to change or feeling wrong in my skin because everything in this world is wrong. It wasn't supposed to be like this. But you all get it wrong if you think it's your body that needs to change. It is your soul that needs to be reborn. It is your soul that wants to change. It is your soul that wants to be free.

I think we just tell ourselves that we came from apes so we can feel better about doing unspeakable things. That way, we can just say, "We are animals, it's in our DNA," as if that makes everything okay. And even if we did come from apes, it still wouldn't make any sense because animals do everything out of pure instinct and for survival, while humans do everything for selfish reasons.

You cannot change the truth, because if you do, it is just a lie. That is why the truth is the truth and a lie is a thousand things.

Nothing has ever changed; we are still slaves. We don't have a collar around our necks, but slaves we still are in this world. Slaves we still are in our bodies. Yes, slaves we are born and slaves we will die, but if you listen to the whispers of your soul, you will be free in the words of God.

God has paid for everything. The only thing you need to do is say thank you and follow.

Life is cold and dark, but with a bit of grace, you will have a bit of sunshine.

There are no original thoughts, right?
If so, it means that all conversations have already been spoken, all questions have been asked, and all answers have already been answered. This means we are all a byproduct, a construct of the world and the people in it. So, it means we are all nothing more than a bad copy, right? And all we think, speak, and mean is just someone else's. So if we need to evolve, we need someone who can think, speak, and see things differently, right? Someone or something that is bigger than us and knows more and sees more.

It is easy to get into a lie, but hard to get out of it. It is hard to tell the truth, but easy to stay in it.

Nothing will excite me in this world. I don't care about the things of this world because I would rather have the values of the soul than the values of the flesh.

If you twist the truth, it is no longer the truth.

You need to know good and bad, because in goodness, you have warmth and light and you can see. But the only things you have in badness are coldness and darkness, and you can't see everything, so it can be hard to know what is good or bad in the darkness and find your way.

I have the wish to be better, and God has the will and power to make it happen.

Life is dark and full of pain, so take your time to enjoy the small pockets of joy you get, because before you know it, your eyes will close for the last time.

People always say I have a pessimistic view of life, and you can say that, or you can say I'm just a realist. Because, in reality, I just see the truth, and the truth isn't always sunshine and rainbows. So yes, I have a dark mind, but the world is a dark place, and so is the truth. I'm just realistic.

We are nothing special. We are all just flesh, bones, and a lot of bad choices. But we are something in God's eyes, and that is what makes us special.

When we are born, we have the light. But from the moment we start to think, the soul remembers, and then the rod takes hold. Darkness takes hold and spreads like a cancer, so fast that we don't feel it, but the soul remembers the light. It wants the light; it needs the light, or it will die.

We all suffer. Some you can see, others you can't. Some know they are suffering, and some do not. And that is what we get in this world: a lot of pain and suffering.
But if you're lucky, you might just see the light—maybe hold it, maybe feel it. You'll feel how it was supposed to be, see how it was meant to be. But it's only for a second, just a breadcrumb of what is to come, because only through the light can we be free of the curse.

I would rather walk in the light of the Lord and be hated than walk in darkness and be accepted.

Oh my Lord, give me the sight of love and take away my blindness of anger.

Everything will be better with God's light in my eyes and his grace in my heart. I will do better. I will be better. Everything will be better. I don't know when, because every journey is different, but with him by my side, I can never die.

Don't be sad about not being happy, but be thankful for the moments you were happy.

Nothing is righteous in this world. So, take your morals and self-righteousness from this world and forget all about them.

The only place you can find righteousness is in the heart of Jesus, so look to him and get salvation. If you don't, you might as well become blind. Take your pick, but you will never see it in this world; that is the hard truth.

It is sad that he is so blinded by death that he can't see life itself.

I believe we all have some darkness in us. We will all hurt the people who hurt us, and it doesn't matter if it is them or somebody who looks like them. We will always lose to the darkness if we are alone, but because you are with me, you beat the darkness every day, so I don't have to lose. Every day you fight so I don't have to suffer.
You sacrifice everything so I don't have to die anymore.

When I look at the sky or at the stars, I think I can see the reverence of how the world was meant to be, and I dream of a future when it is whole again.

Live In Faith Entirely

We all burn in the light, but will you rise like a phoenix or die like a vampire?

For most people, I am only my mistakes—that one-second criminal, that one-second alcoholic, that one-second mistake that brought me into this world. But to God, I am precious. I am more than my mistakes; I am his creation, his voice , his son.

See the possibilities in your mistakes instead of regretting them.

I didn't know what freedom was before I ended up in prison.
I never knew what love was before I met God.
I didn't know who I was before I was reborn.
And I didn't know what it meant to be a survivor before I felt what it was like to be broken down.

God let me be alone so I would know how it feels to be in unity.
God let me be unloved so I would know how it feels to be loved.
God let me be broken so I would know how it feels to be whole.
God does not allow evil, but uses it to show us what is good.

As I go into the valley of darkness, I will remember I am not alone. I don't need to be scared because you will protect me. I don't need to see, because you will see for me. I don't need to hear, for you will hear for me. I only need to have faith in you, my Lord.

I only have one plan for my life, and that is the plan of the Lord.

Religion is for the body, but faith is for the soul.

Believe me, I know what it is to be trapped. I have been in child prison, adult prison, and the prison of the dead. But now I see the light and hear a voice so calm say, "You are free, my child."

I know because I have faith, but I don't have to know in order to have faith.

There are many religions, but only one faith.
There are many liars, but only one truth.
There are many ways, but only one road.

You can't have faith without having doubt, because you are human.

As I go on the road of light, I see many people going the opposite way. But on my way, I meet people who are going the same way as me. These are my brothers and sisters; they are the ones chosen to be in eternity with God. Sometimes I see a light in the dark corpses on the other side. I try to grab them, but I can't, because it is not me they need to get them on the right path—it is God. But only they themselves can take the first step to redemption.

Friends come and go,
Family isn't that strong,
Home is fiction, But God is eternal.

Your mind is dark and your spirit is bright. If you take my hand, we will walk the road of life, side by side, to the end of time.

I'm on the road of life. My feet will bleed. My heart will be broken. The heat will make me doubt. My body will sin.
But you will bind my bleeding feet. You will heal my broken heart. You will give me water so my doubts disappear. You will forgive my sin and make me stronger because of it.
Because you are my savior.

.

When my day is without you, I can feel it. I can feel my soul crying out for you; it needs you. I can feel my flesh creeping up on me, making me feel unbalanced with its words.
But when my day is filled with you, my soul is joyful and my flesh is quiet. Everything is in balance.

You are the light in my dark mind. You are the smile on my lips. You are the tears rolling down my cheeks. You are the warmth I feel in my heart and the sparkles in my eyes. I have sin; you have Grace. You are my eternal father, and I am your eternal son.

You are my eyes when I cannot see. My reminder when I cannot remember. My guide when I cannot find the way. You are my God, my Father, and my Lord.

**We all have something we want to forget,
but to know who we are, we need to
remember where we come from.**

If you want to see, you see. If you
want to know, you know. If you want
to hear, you hear.
But if you want to be blind, you are
blind. If you want to remain
ignorant, you are ignorant. If you
want to be deaf, you are deaf.
It is so simple, but so hard.

**Everything I have, God has given me. It is
not much, but it is enough—not for my pride,
but for my soul.**

I'd be lying if I said I didn't want more, but I don't know what that "more" is. I do know that if someone gave me the choice between all the money in the world and all the love I'll ever need, I would choose love every time. Because money is nice to have, but love is everything.

The rich will always win in this world, but we who are children of God will prevail in all the ways that matter, because we are the eternal ones.

**You need to work to survive, but you need God
to live.
You need money to survive in this world, but
you need Jesus to live in this world.**

Find God's grace so you can forgive people.

I once built my life on quicksand, and slowly I sank deeper and deeper into the darkness. When I was at the bottom of that dark pit, I saw a light and heard a voice calling my name. I answered "yes," and everything became bright and solid. Now my life is built on bedrock, and I always have the light with me in the dark.

If we truly think about it, the only things we ever truly own in life are our hope and Faith.

I am who I need to be right now, and I will become who I was meant to be, through patience, time, and hard work, and the help, love, and power of God.

.I am smart but so dumb
I am young but so old
I am blessed but so cursed
I am good but so evil
I am unselfish but so selfish
I am forgiving but so vengeful.

I am tired of the anger, doubt, and this miserable life. So give me, O my Lord, the strength, the wisdom, and the patience to endure it, so that one day I can be whole.

My emotions can be twisted and my Wisdom can go to waste, but your power will always stand.

In all the madness and pain, he gave my life meaning. He showed me that there was a purpose to all the suffering.

I have this image, a picture in my head of a woman. I can only see the silhouette of an arm and a woman's hand hugging me from behind. It makes me wonder why this image manifested out of nowhere. But I know now that it's a picture of my original hurt—an absence of a woman's love and touch. And that is my deepest desire: to feel what I've never had.

We all have a cross on our backs until we meet Jesus. He will take it and carry it for us, but the splinters are still in us.

My tattoos are my old armor of the flesh—a living picture of my old self, a constant reminder that I was born of this world but belong to another one. It is merely a cheap copy of the true armor of the soul.

Before you, I was nothing and I had nothing, but now I am and I have all, because of you, Lord.

He was a boy, but I became a man. He was lost, but I was found. He gave up, but I found hope. He was weak, but I became stronger. He died, and I was born.
I am him, but he is not me. He is just a memory now —a shadow in my soul from a past I no longer see, a pain I feel but do not remember. I am what he needed to become to keep surviving.

God is for everybody, but not everybody is for God.

Having witnessed this journey from the deepest darkness into the clearest light, you now stand at a crucial crossroads in your own life.

The question before you is not a simple one. Will you continue to build your life on the shifting sands of perishable truths, chasing things that will eventually fade and leave you empty? Or will you summon the courage to turn towards the eternal light, a light powerful enough to make you whole, to guide you home through every valley, and to give you a foundation that stands firm for all eternity?

This story is more than just words on a page. It is a mirror held up to your own heart, revealing the truths you have carried and the lies you have believed. Do you dare to truly see what it reflects? The journey is not meant to end here. Share this book and your thoughts about it with others, for the light you have found is not meant to shine on us alone—it is meant to be a beacon that leads others home.

Theis Bloch